

Sad and Lamentable

NEWS

FROM

OLD-STREET

BEING

A full and true Relation of a sad and deplorable Accident that happened at a Dyers House in *Old-Street*, on *Sunday* the 8th. of this instant *March*, at Night.

Where a Nurse, and two Maid-Servants, sitting up late to make Merry by themselves, and making a very large Fire, all of Char-coal, in a close Room, they were there-with Smothered, and their spirits so suffocated, that they continued there all Night; and being found next Morning, two of them were stark dead, beyond Recovery: The third with much ado, was brought to Life again, but remains very Weak.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Newton*, in *Three-Maltmens-Court* in *Whitecross-Street*, 1674.



[illegible]

Printed for John Norton, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Francoise, in
Whitechapel, 1754.



Sad and Lamentable News

FROM

OLD-STREET, &c.

THat Death is most *certain*, and the time most *uncertain*, is a truth subscribed unto by all the World; yet it seems rather a *Notion* floating in our *Heads*, than seriously entertained in our *Hearts*; so small an *influence* hath it on our actions in this Age wherein we live so carelessly (not to say abominably) as if they were never to *dye*, and procrastinate and put off from day to day, and year to year their Resolutions of Amendment; as if Fate had granted them a *Charter* of some *long term*, that they must assuredly *Live*. No less pious than ingenious was that Answer of an Old Man, who being invited by some Friends to come and Dine with them *on the morrow*, replied, I am ready to wait on you now Gentlemen, but do assure you, I have not troubled my thoughts with any thing of *a to morrow* these twenty years. Hystorians tell us of *Cesar*, that he always used to wish he might dye violently, and of a sudden, wherein his desires were answered, being slain unexpectedly, as he was passing to the Senate-House; but

certainly (though an Emperour) it was but a *Heathenish*, and each good *Christian* had rather make it part of his *Lentany*. *From sudden death good Lord deliver us!*

Few, alas, keep their Accounts so carefully with Heaven, as to be prepared every moment for that dreadful *Adversity*; the serious contemplation whereof, is enough to damp the Musick of our *Revellings*, and turn the mirth of our most frolicksome *jollery* into a fit of *trembling*: This is not said to justify those bold Censurers, who with too much Presumption, and too little Charity, wrote sudden death (where-ever it happens) to be a special Judgment inflicted for some extraordinary Crimes: Our Blessed Saviour (if they would hear him) tells them, the men that were crush'd to pieces in a moment, by the fall of *Shiloh-Tower*, were not greater sinners then many others in *Israel*.

But we are now writing an Hystorical Pamphlet, not a Treatise of Divinity, and must hasten to the unhappy occasion which (at present engages our Pen) happening thus on the Lords day last, at a Dyars House, Scituate in *Old-Street*; One of the Maid-Servants having sometime since been Ill, a Nurse of her Acquaintance, that lived hard by, came in the Evening to see her, and congratulate her Recovery, whereupon the Master and Mistress of the House (Persons of good Reputation) being gone to Bed betimes, these two Women, and another Maid that was then there, resolved to set up a while, and Chat amongst themselves; their discourse you may in Charity suppose, tending nothing to the bringing of the great *Turk*, with his innumerable Armies into *Poland*; nor did Popery, or tricks of State trouble their Innocent Heads: However, to make as much of themselves, as they could, though their tongues labour'd never so hard,

they

they could not in such cold weather keep them warm, they conclude to make a lusty rowzing fire of Char coal, in a small Room, the Windows whereof were close barricado'd up, with wooden shutters against the violent assaults of the cold, and the Door they lockt to themselves; and now blowing their Fire, they had soon made the little Room as hot as a Stove, which they imagined very comfortable; but alas! they did not find it so in the Consequence.

For the smoak and vapours ascending from the Charcoal, being so close pent up in that Room, that it had not sufficient vent; and being in it self of a dangerous, faint, suffocating nature, soon seizes upon them, and one after another, they all find themselves very sick; but though the complaint was general, yet none of them were so wise as to apprehend the cause of it, but continuing still, hovering close over the Fire, they grew worse and worse, for the Arsenick, and Narcotick fumes of the Charcoal being suckt in, stopt up Natures Bellows, the Lungs, and absolutely prohibited Respiration, the very Chariot of Life, whilst others mounted up into the head, besieged the brain with black stupifactive vapours, and suffocated the spirits that they could not perform their offices. In this sad posture they lay all Night, but in the Morning some of the Family getting up betimes, and having occasion to go into the Kitchen (where they were) found the door lock'd, but with-all heard one groan very faintly within; frighted with this, they gave the Alarm to the whole House, and the Maids are searched for diligently in their Chamber, but not to be found, till having broken up the door below, they behold them in that deplorable condition we have related: The Nurse, and one of the Maids being absolutely Dead; the other so near death, that they
had

had much ado to bring her to Life, and she continues still so weak, that Physicians dare not yet promise her Recovery: But as for the other two, their souls had taken leave of their bodys till the Resurrection, nor could all the art or means that could possibly be used, recal them to the forsaken clay. We would not willingly blot any persons memory with our Ink; let these poor Creatures rest in their untimely Graves, yet give us leave from hence, to caution and advise others yet living, how they trifle away any part of a Sabbath. This is the souls Market-day, wherein she may more especially provide and lay in a *Vitaticum* for Eternity, since God has reserved this portion of time more particularly for his Service: Is it not the highest Sacrilege to rob him thereof, or squander that away in prating, or idle visits to our Friends, which we should wholly dedicate to our Maker?

Let us conclude this Paper with a handsome Fable (though none of *Aesops*) not impertinent to our present subject. A person very fearful of dying, would needs make a bargain with Death, that he should not seize him unawares, but send him word before-hand, when his time was almost come; Death, though he could not wholly spare him, yet agrees to this, & faithfully promises to send Messengers to give him warning; whereupon the man grows bold, eats, drinks, frolicks, and never thinks of death, building upon these promises; but at last death unexpectedly comes and Arrests him, and bluntly tells him he must to the Prison of the Grave: The poor Man resists, struggles, and complains, calls Death Perfidious, and protests he has not kept his word, for he never had warning; to all which, Death, with a sullen, scornful smile, replies, Friend, Friend, do not you remember that about a twelve-moneth agoe, you had a violent Feaver; were not you a
lit-

tle while after troubled with a Cough and Rhume ? have you not fainted away two or three times of late in your Cups ? and could not you tell by all theſemy Harbingers, that I my ſelf was not far off, but would bring up the Rear : Diſeaſes are but my Meſſengers to warn people to prepare for me, that am the Monarch of the World, to whom Kings muſt ſubmit their Scepters, and Popes vail their Triple Crowns.

*Mors tua, mors Chriſti, fraus Terræ Gloria Cali,
Et dolor inferni, ſunt meditanda ſibi.*

FINIS.
